WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

$1.50 Per Annum | KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1884. | VOL. IV. NO. 47

DROWNED.

EBEN E. REXFORD IN THE CURRENT.

How the reeds and rushes quiver
By the low banks of the river,
Where the leaning willows shiver
In a strange and deep affright;
How the water moans and murmurs
As its eddies round the lilies,
Like a human soul in sorrow,
Or the lonesome wind at night.

How the shadows hunt the edges
Of the rivers, where the sedges
To the listening lilies whisper
Of some strange and awful deed,
How the sunshine, timid, frightened,
Dares not touch the spot it brightened
Yesterday among the shadows?

What is that which floats and shimmers
Where the water gleams and glimmers
In and out among the rushes
Growing thick and tall and green?
Something like a strand of sunshine,
Something long and fair and silken,
Like a woman's loosened tresses
With a faded flower between.

What is that so white and slender
Hidden almost by the splendor
Of that great white water-lily
Floating on the river there?
'Tis a hand, stretched up toward Heaven,
As when we would be forgiven,
Stretch we out our hands, appealing
In an agony of prayer.

Tremble, reeds and moan and shiver!
At your feet, in the still river,
Lies a woman, done forever
With life's mockery and woe.
God alone can know the sorrow,
All the bitterness and heartache,
Ended in the silent river
Where the water lillies grow.

Judge her not. Beneath the river,
In the sleep that seems forever,
Let her dream, the past forgetting:
God will pity her, I know.
Who can tell? Perhaps the river
May wash out her sin and error,
Till her soul is like the lillies:
Let us hope it may be so.

Printed in WEEKLY GRAPHIC by special arrangement with the author.

Sealed Unto Him.

A STORY OF

The Early Days of Mormonism.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND RIME," ETC.

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CHAPTER I

THE FOUNDATION OF THE ORDER OF DANITIES.

"Dan shall judge his people as one of the tribes of Israel.

"Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder by the path, that biteth the horses heels, so that his rider shall fall backward."—Gen. 49: 16, 17.

Planted down in the heart of the continent, and "by the way," "in the path" of the weary pilgrims journeying to the remote West, you can well see how the Mormon elders put their fingers on this text, and told their ignorant following that they were the chosen people referred to here; that they should judge the people who came that way; that they, the Mormons, as the children of Dan, were "the serpent by the way," "an adder in the path."

In the large reading of the text, and a liberal view and look of it all, it seems plausible almost, even to us. How certain then did it seem to these ignorant and merciless followers of the dread order of the Danites was necessary, not only for the purpose of "judging" the earth, but for their own preservation.

More than thirty years ago I first encountered these people. My father and his little Sunday train—that is a train that would not travel on Sunday in crossing the plains, because of religious scruples—pitched tent on the banks of the Missouri at Council Bluffs, right in their trails. We saw there thousands of caves, little mud huts, hovels, all sorts of miserable little habitations, where the whole mass of Mormons had wintered a few seasons before, in their exodus from the United States to what was then supposed to be Mexico. When our train crossed the Missouri and pushed west to try to reach the Pacific, we still were in their trails, following the marks their great moving caravan made as it drew its mottled length like a shining serpent across the great deserts to Salt Lake.

I was but a small lad at the time, not big enough to bear arms, or indeed to understand much of anything. But this much I understood and understood so well that it became a part of my life, that we were in peril. It was not Indians we feared. My father was a Quaker, and he feared no man whom he could look in the face. But he did fear the Danites, whom no man might see till they did their bloody work.

Not that he or his had ever had any part or hand in their persecution; but this terror of them was in the air, it was over all things. We knew that our road lay through or by Salt Lake There was no escaping that. We must follow on in their track till we came in our journey to where Dan, who judged his people, lay like a "serpent by the way," "an adder in the path."

I forgot to mention that my father had done a little something in his quiet Quaker-like way to help, or try to help a beautiful young women who had come in great distress to our camp one evening, while tented in the old Mormon winter quarters on the banks of the Missouri. But surely he had no cause to fear evil, for good.

The facts were simply these. This beautiful, black-eyed little lady was one of the ten thousand emigrants starting out in a long weary line toward the remotest West. She was with her people—her parents, brothers and sisters and some other relatives, if I remember correctly. This young lady, a girl of eighteen, gifted, graceful, good to her parents, full of affection, was suffering from an uncontrollable fear of the Mormons. Her people, she told my father in terified whispers, were from the same settlement the Mormons originally started from, and she knew that her people would be "judged" by the Danites when they came to Salt Lake, on their journey to California.

It subsequently appeared, however, that she had not told quite all the truth. There really had been serious trouble between her father and the Mormons nearly a year before. And this was the nature of it. The Mormons has grown up in the settlement where the girl's people lived, and were all mixed up among the neighbors. It was not easy to say who was a Mormon and who was not. Converts were new and numerous. A man might be a "Gentile" to-day and a Mormon to-morrow.

One of the busy women—one of the meddlesome and mischevious kind found in all camps—who knew this poor girl's history better perhaps than she suspected, told the secret of her marriage to one of the new Mormon elders. It was a forbiden marriage too—a marriage on discover of which her father had become very furious, and loud with threats to all Mormons. Its true, this busy and meddlesome woman said, as she gadded about, as such busy women will when idle in camp, that the Mormon elder to whom she was 'sealed' had never quite got possession of her; that her father even did not know his daughter's pretended husband, had never seen him in fact. But for all that, the girl had been married or 'sealed' to a Mormon elder; and trouble was going to come of it. That was why her father was taking her out of the country and away to California, hissed this garrulous and meddlesome woman; that was why she looked sad and seemed so frightened all the time, continued the gadding and garrulous woman, mysteriously.

Now all in the world that my father did on hearing the story of this beautiful and terrified girl, was to go to her people, who were camped close by our tent, and advise, even protest, that they should take some other route to the remote west than this one that lay by Salt Lake. Surely this was not much. Yet it was enough to put our little Sunday train in perpetual terror of 'judgement' from the Danite as we pushed on across the plains. We did not see this Miss Lane, the Mormon elder's 'wife,' again for months. Her father either did not see fit to be advised, or, which is more likely, found it impossible then to turn aside and seek another route, and so crossed the Missouri, as if it were a sort of Rubicon, and pushed on ahead. As he had horses and we only oxen, and then too, as he travelled on Sundays, his party had soon left our little Sunday train a long way behind.

And, oh! what a motley mass of weary people went stretching away, helpless, dazed, dying, across the sands towards the setting sun! There were come men with but a single horse to carry their food and blankets. Some men were on foot and alone. There was a man and his wife with a single ox between the shafts of a cart. Many men had little hand-carts which they pushed or drew along, sad and silent, as some one of their number fell dead by the way. Some men had wheelbarrows. Every day we passed dead cattle, deserted wagons, carriages, by the roadside. Every night by some little stream we camped amid new-made graves.

But there was but one conveyance, and one traveller, too, in all this mass of moving, struggling, dying humanity, that was indescribable. This vehicle was not a carriage, not a hand-cart, not a barrow. It was a long, narrow, thin, black coffin set on two wheels and pushed always by a tall, gaunt and silent giant. And if there was anything more terrible to us children than the mention of the Danites, it was the sight of that coffin on wheels and the great bony face and hollow eyes of the man who, silent and sullen, pushed it along. By an by, and by what means or gradual steps I know not, we began to associate him with the dreaded order. Maybe it was because the Mormons had made their great journey by the adroit use of barrows of all kinds; maybe it was because he looked, in his stern and severe silence, as we thought a Danite should look, that we came to suspect him to be a Danite. I do not know now. I only know that as that long, slim, black coffin crawled along the tawny sand in the sun, or crept stealthily along in our track as the moon rose, that great, gaunt, hollow-eyed, and silent giant pushing, plodding on after it, was the most weird, ghostly and fascinating sight that ever froze young blood.

One night it was noticed that this great, gaunt, leaning creature could hardly reach the camp. He was seen to push his barrow with effort to the bank of the stream a quarter of a mile away from us, as was his custom, then to stand a stick under an end of it. Then he rolled his heavy bag of books and provisions out of his singular bed, and with great effort got in and lay down. He was evidently very ill, and my father took me by the hand and went to see him at once. As we came up he reached out his great bony hand and as it fell into father's two hands, he said, "I made my barrow-bed like a coffin, sir, because—because I have had a grievous disappointment, and fear it may be that I have done wrong in my day. The monks of Rome sleep in their coffins for penance, sir. I am doing penance. And then, you see, it keeps idlers away, and gives me time to think and to read books. Books are bread—bread for body and soul, sir. Sit down, and when I have a little strength I will read you from the holy book of Mormon, sir."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STORY OF GARFIELD.

How he Saved the Country From Bloodshedin the Wild Days of the Hayes-Tilden Fight.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25— A special Washington dispatch to the World says: "At a dinner party given during the past week Senator elect Blackburn, of Kentucky, told the following story, which he says, was told him by Gen. Garfield at a social gathering, at which, Alexander H. Stephens and other prominent Democrats were present: "The stirring events of the closing days of the session of 1876–77 were the topics of conversation, and some of the party were commenting, on the narrow escape of the country from a bloody struggle. It was agreed by all if it had not been for the great self control of the members of both parties and the real patriotism of the Democrats, a civil war would certainly have broken out.

Gen. Garfield here came in with a high compliment for the Democrats He said that, perhaps, none of them really knew how great the danger was at that time. He added that he thought he had been the means of breaking up a foolish programme which some Republicans had actually arranged, and which if carried out, would certainly have resulted in a bloody outbreak.

Gen. Garfield continued to say that there was nealy a panic among the Republican leaders during the days imme diately preceding the passage of the Electoral Commission bill. It was be lieved by some that the filibuster would be able to defeat the count, and leave the country, on the 4th of March, without an executive leader. The last day of the debate Garfield was summoned to an important conference of the Republican leaders.

* * * * * * *

Gen. Garfield did not say who were present, but from what followed it was inferred that the President and his Cabinet and the General of the Army were there. Garfield arrived late. The conference had concluded its work. Upon asking what subject had been discussed and what conclusion reached, he was told that it was agreed to march 600 men from the Arsenal at 3 o'clock the next morning to the Capitol and station them in the basement of the House, ready to be marched up into the House lobby, and upon the floor itself if necessary, when the House met. The filibuster were then to be notified by an order from the President that persistent filibustering in the face of the situation would be treated as an act of rebellion, and the objecting members would be arrested and carried out. Garfield denounced this programme. He said such an act would arouse the country to a pitch of madness, and that blood would flow in the streets of every city. His objections were not listened to until he said that if this resolution was persisted in he should go to the telegraph office and denounce the whole thing to the country.

Written for the Graphic.

Herbert Thornton;

—OR—

"TRIED AS BY FIRE."

BY W. MAXWELL.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN A TRAP.

When the two men disappeared within the blacksmith shop, as narrated in our last chapter, an alert watcher outside the building might have noticed a small figure dart out and away to Col. Sanford with a speed and dexterity that would have baffled all pursuit, had any pursuit been made.

The two men within, however did not know of this, but groped their way stealthily toward the sleeping room of the blacksmith. The hand of Smith, the leader, was just about to turn the knob of an inner door, when there was a sudden sharp metalic click, followed with a vicious bull dog like snap in the darkness. It was followed a moment later by a yell from Smith and vigorous cries for help with many imprecations and oaths, mingled with calls for help. The burly form of the kidnapper was now writhing on the floor of the shop, where his companion in the darkness and confusion fell over him and a pistol wich the latter carried in his hand was discharged.

The two men mistaking each other for the object of their search, were soon engaged in a hand to hand struggle in the darkness.

During all this time we have left those courageous members of the secret brotherhood who were to act as pickets and guards, posted in dark nooks and corners in the vicinity of the shop. More than one brave "Knight" had found his knees smiting together when posted. Now when the din and confusion of the conflict in the shop, the pistol shot, and the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps were heard coming toward the scene of outcry, human nature could stand it no longer, and the last of the whole body of brave Knights disappeared around a distant corner just as Col. Sanford and a possee of officers came upon the scene.

The figure that the guards outside the shop might have seen dart away from the building a few minutes before was none other than 'Idle Bill.' Un know to every one, even Col. Sanford himself Bill had turned himself into an amateur detective and made the old shop his nightly watching place. Since the night when Col Sanford and Blacksmith Dan had parted at the Colonel's gate Dan had not slept in his own bed, but had been given shelter in an attic of the mill, whither the Colonel had caused to be conveyed a suitable bed and other furniture. It was a comfortable enough room, but far up under the roof where nothing but dust and bats and cobwebs were supposed to hold sway. In was never visited, even by the workmen in the mill itself and was reached by a rude and winding stairway which led to a little landing a few feet above the water of the dam. This platform was only reached by a narrow plank running from one of the stone piers of the dam itself, and like a draw bridge could be pulled in and thus cut off all outside communication. When Idle Bill reached the Colonel's residence he found that gentleman still in his library and in a few hurried words reported the raid on the shop.

The latter hastily donning boots, hat and coat sallied out and gathering up a few trusty neighbors as he went among them an officer of the law, and the night watchman from the mill, was soon on the gound. Lights were flashing in every direction and the whole town seemed to be astir.

"I've got 'em sure as shooting," was the exclamation from Idle Bill, as the party arrived at the door of the old shop. "I sot a trap for the big game and durned if I haint cotcht it."

From the inside came smothered oaths and groans the clanking of chains and then a faint cry for help.

Pushing open the door the Colonel entered the building, followed by the crowd and a dozen lanterns illuminated the dusky corners of the room. At the far end lay the two men still grappled in a fierce embrace. The smaller man of the two was underneath, and it was from him the cry for help had come. Both were covered with dust, and soot, and their clothes were torn. Jacob Smith, the large man and leader was found with one foot fast in a steel trap which was attached by a stout chain and staple to the heavy oaken sill under the door. The pistol dropped by his companion was found on the floor near the scene of the struggle.

Released from each other's clutches, both men staggered to their feet, but Smith quickly sank again to the floor with a groan. The sharp teeth of the steel trap was still grinding into the ankle bone.

"Take off the cursed thing I thought it was a dog had me."

While Colonel Sanford was removing the trap from his leg the other man would have slunk away into the darkness, had not Sam Wilkins, the driver of the Bartonville Stage line, just then placed his hands on his collar, with the remark.

"Not yit, my friend. Never start out ahead of time. Better wait till ye get the word "all right."

"What were you men doing on my premises," sternly asked Col. Sanford, of the two prisoners. Neither answered, but exchanged glances with each other. Neither had yet fully recovered from the struggle in the dark, yet it was evident that they had sufficiently gained their composure to be fully on their guard. They were about to be led away to the lock-up to await trial, next day, when the little lawyer Mr. Slyman Fox made his appearance.

"Well, well, gentlemen! what is the matter? Some misunderstanding, I should say. Excuse me gentlemen, but allow me to consult the prisoners professionally, a moment," and then taking the two men aside, engaged them a few moments in conversation.

The little lawyer returned to the waiting crowd, rubbing his hands, and with an insinuating smile upon his face

"I will state gentlemen, that there is no reason why you should further detain my clients. The whole matter is the result of a little misunderstanding on their part, which they have explained fully to my satisfaction."

"But not to mine," sternly answered Col. Sanford. "I find them here, sir, at the dead of night, having stealthily, and in a burglarious manner entered my premises, occupied it is true, by a tenant, but mine never-the-less, and I call upon the officers of the law to arrest and hold them. The proof is plain, palpable and sufficient. They must be held."

"Not so fast my dear sir. True the appearances are as you state them, but my dear sir, appearances are oft times descriptive. If I demonstrate that these gentlemen were here in strict discharge of official duty, then I presume Col. Sanford himself would agree with me." After a pause the lawyer continued: "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. James Snively, special U. S. marshal, bearing a writ for the capture and return of one "Dan," an escaped slave, and Mr. Jacob Smith, specially deputized to assist him. Mr Snively bears full authority to summon each and every one of you to help continue the search and you dare not refuse."

Had a bomb shell fallen into the assembled crowd a greater sensation could not have been produced. Most of the crowd slunk away from the presence of the two men as they would from one affected with the pestilence. It was at a time when the Dred Scott decision was still fresh in the mind of the masses, and when it was held that this great government had the right and the power to make a slave catcher out of any one of its citizens, however much he might loath and detest the duty.

"It's a doggoned, infamous shame—constitution or no constitution, is all I've got to say," said Sam Wilkins, the stage driver.

"As these *honorable* gentlemen," said Col. Sanford, "have undoubtedly satisfied themselves that there is no human chattle in hiding on my premises, they will accommodate me and I presume also my good neighbors here assembled, by leaving at once," and then pointing to the open door he said, "we are law abiding, God fearing people, but be careful hereafter or a worse fate than a steel trap may meet the sneaking cowardly man stealing minions of an unjust and wicked law."

CHAPTER XV.

ALICE HAS AN OFFER—DECLINED WITH THANKS.

The little episode narrated in our last chapter created a great excitement at the time not only in Bartonville, but throughout the entire country and was the suject of much fiery newspaper comment. In Bartonville itself, the indignation and excitement ran so high that both the lawyer and Mr. Jacob Smith no longer found it advisable to remain. With them disappeared also the United State officer Snively. In the meantime 'Dan' the blacksmith walked fortn from his hiding place unmolested. It would have taken a regiment of better men than Jacob Smith or Snively to have taken him in daylight. His sleeping place however remained a secret to all except himself and his benefactor. He was soon to repay his benefactor for his care and the danger involved in his protection. Sooner than he expected. In the meantime the elegant and fastidious Mr. Hewitt pursued the even tenor of his way. He was supposed to belong to that superior and elegant portion of society that feels itself above the ordinary claims of citizenship and takes little or no interest in politics. It was easy therefore for him to parry or evade any effort to draw from him an expression on the great topic that all Bartonville was discussing.

'Society' after a week or two of gossip and gabble, subsided into its normal condition and the round of 'pleasure seeking' and mild dissipation was resumed While Alice with all the life and joyousness of youth and health was the center of many of those gatherings, there was a thoughtfulness and a hearty sympathy with current thought of the day that made her something better than the mere fashionable butterflies that surrounded her. Without being either a blue stocking or a strong minded young lady in the offensive sense that those words were, and still are to some extent applied, Alice possessed rare intellectual attainments for her age; she was deeply read from the best books of her father's excellent library and had a sensitive sympathetic soul, as much above the mere conventionalities, the finery and dress of fashionable society, as it was above the soil under her feet.

While Alice, recognized the talents and culture of her admirer, Mr. Hewitt, and felt flattered by his preference, there was something in the man bimself that repelled her. Gifted with a rare sensitiveness that is sometimes termed intuition his most elaborate efforts to please her, or to win her affections, were turned aside by the invisible shield of maidenly reserve and the modest candor of her soul. Perhaps, too, the image of Herbert, with his manly brow, his frank eyes and gentle ways which often rose before her mind, and contrasted with her swarthy, dark-eyed, passionate suitor, may have helped to parry his advances.

Fate, however, seemed to throw them almost constantly together, and the devotion of the popular Mr. Hewitt was quite enough to scare away any serious competition for Miss Alice's company. So it came about that the two were almost invariably put together in every merry making, excursion, and picnic, till it became to be considered almost a matter of course.

One morning Alice was called to the library by her father. Taking a seat on a low stool at his feet, Alice waited for her father to speak Gravely stroking her luxuriant hair, the Colonel seemed lost in thoughts of the past, for many moments. "You remind me of your mother, child, when I first knew her. When she died I promised to be not only a father but as far as possible to fill the place of a mother, to you. Alice, you are of that age when there will be suitors, for your hand or your heart, It is but natural; the order of nature; and yet to the loving parent it is a season of solicitude, of apprehension, of yearning, stronger than ever felt save when the child lies in its mother's arms, a helpless infant. Promise me Alice, to be as free and frank in this matter, as you have always been in other things. It is all I can justly ask of you, for when you chose, with all a father's love, and a father's authority, I would not put even a straw in the path of that choice, further than the counsel and advice, that added years and experience might reasonably dictate. My only request, daughter, is that you use no concealment."

"Indeed! father I will not" and then lifting one of his hands to her lips "I would be an unworthy daughter, indeed to do otherwise with so noble, so kind and so generous a father."

"Bless you, my darling," said her father. "I felt that my noble daughter could not act otherwise, but I wished the assurance from her own lips. Yesterday a certain gentleman asked permission to address you, with a view to marriage. I know such a course is out of the common in our rather republican state of society, for in these days the young folks seem to fix up such things without even saying by your leave, to parents and guardians. No doubt you guess whom I mean. I had thought that—but no matter—I will say nothing now to bias your choice. Go Alice, and act from the promptings of your heart."

When Alice descended an hour later dressed for a ride with Mr Hewitt, she knew her first proposal was coming No true woman will treat such a thing lightly or contemptuously. It is the highest compliment a woman can receive at the hands or from the lips of a man, and the decision is one fraught with such momentous results, for good, or ill, that there is no room for levity, While Alice knew the offer was coming she felt that by no word or hint of hers had she invited it.

The drive was a long and pleasant one, to the banks of a lovely lake, where a gay fishing party was to spend the day, returning by moonlight. Alice was grateful to her escort, that he did not blunder in to an avowal while on the road there, as she wanted more time to collect herself. The day passed pleasantly and rapidly away and the journey home was a fit ending for such a perfect day. The moon, full and round, bathed the fields and lanes with an enchanted light, which while it hid the defects and homely features of the scene, touched with silver beauties and hightened them.

The carriage which contained Mr. Hewitt and Alice gradually fell behind 'till they were far in the rear. It was then he spoke. Easy man of the world as he was, Mr Hewitt found it no easy task to come to the point, for Alice gave no sign. When he did it was far from the polished conventional style he had pictured to himself.

"Since you have done me the honor Mr. Hewitt," answered Alice, "to speak so plainly and frankly, I will answer you in the same manner; it can never be."

Mr. Hewitt showed neither by sign or look that the answer disconcerted him. He was a man of tact and resource. A little nervous twitching of the lines was all that told of the fierce disappointment knawing at his heart.

"Surely this is not final, Miss Alice? Remember what I offer you. A life of wealth and luxury, away from this plebian town. Servants by the score; a season in Paris if you wish it. Think again."

"Were you the poorest or the richest man in the land, Mr. Hewitt, that would not weigh a feather in making my decision. Admiring and respecting you as a gentleman, the fact that I do not love you ought to be sufficient."

Alice did not notice the deep frown that passed over the face of her suitor, nor the dark gleam that flashed from his eye, for she was looking down at a leaf bud she was picking into shreds in her lap.

A moment later the carriage was at her home, and assisting her out, Mr. Hewitt bade her good bye, then gave the horses a cut with the whip-lash which sent them tearing down the road, in consonance with the feelings of hate, chagrin and rage, which held sway in his bosom.

Alice found her father in his favorite seat in the library. He looked up with a wistful enquiry in his eyes. She ran to him, threw her arms about his neck, buried her face in his bosom, and with hot blushes stammered out:

"Oh, papa, Mr. Hewitt has asked me to be his wife, and — and — I have refused him. Did I do wrong?"

"No, indeed, my child, you have lifted a great burden from my heart. With all his fine pedigree, his manners and his wealth, I would rather give you to the poorest, plainest, young man in Bartonville than John Hewitt, though I cannot find one single substantial fact on which to base such a repugnance. There, now, good night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]